

Bad Romance

orphan_account

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Summary:

You're still feeling restless and unhappy with your life in Derry, and you're sick of being used as a fuck-toy by the two clowns. Craving a little normalcy in your life, you agree to go on a casual date with a guy from out of town. You're not really that interested in him, but he's nice...and he's human.

Unfortunately for you, Daddy Penny finds out what you've been up to, and he is pissed.

Run, Reader!

2017 Pennywise/Reader.

1990 Pennywise/Reader.

Second sequel to 'My Funny Valentine.'

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

- For Mualhani, Beastly bfs, DJSpidersGeorg, cuntoid, hotrockcandy, BlindBeauty, spaze_cat.

Hey, clown-sluts. Me again.

This is my fifth entry for the fandom and I'm still crazy about our two boys, so there's a lot more smut to come. I have plans for another four stories after this one, following the ideas I put forward in my last author's note. This one kinda explores the fourth idea - the one about power dynamics etc. It's also focused on jealous Penny acting out after Reader goes on a date.

The Stephen King horror movie mentioned in this chapter is 'Cat's Eye', which was released in April 1985. I'm not a huge fan of it, but I thought it was appropriate. Also, I don't condone drink driving, but hey this is set 1985 so...don't be like Mark, kids. Drink responsibly.

Keep the prompts and reviews coming, you beautiful trash people. Love you all!

April 1985.

It's Saturday night and you're standing in your bedroom, in front of the mirror, frantically dragging a brush through your unruly hair and wondering, yet again, why you are even bothering at all. It's not as if you're actually going to go through with this, is it?

Yes, I am.

Oh yes, I am definitely doing this.

Yeah, it's crazy and stupid, but so what?

I deserve a night off, damn it!

“A night away from all this insane bullshit. I *deserve* this.” You say it aloud, like a mantra, as though you are trying to convince yourself that it’s true, that it’s *safe*. Frank curls around your ankles, purring. The cat seems pleased for you. Ridiculous, even for an especially smart cat, but he *really* seems pleased; it’s like he knows, somehow, that you’re not going to the trailer.

You reach down to scratch behind his ears, smiling as he arches into your touch, “Nope. I’m not going out there tonight, Frank. I’m not going to the trailer and I’m sure as shit not going into the sewers. No clowns for me. No siree, kitty.” You straighten, moving to inspect your make-up, “I’m going on a date, Frank. A real date, with a *human*. Isn’t that something?” Your lipstick is a little smudged, so you wipe your mouth and reapply a generous swathe of dark coral across your lips. Frowning, turning your body this way and that, you closely scrutinize your reflection.

Not bad.

You brush a stray cat hair from the front of your sweater dress.

Not bad at all.

The dress is comfortable and not too showy, but it fits you nicely, and the coral lipstick really *pops*, amidst all the black and grey. You slip into a pair of patent heels, after a long review of your admittedly paltry shoe collection. The heels pinch slightly, at the toes, and they’re a little higher than you’re used to, but you like the way they lengthen your legs.

Still, you’re not making that much of an effort. There’s not much point, really.

Mark is a nice guy.

He’s a *really* nice guy but, in all honesty, he’s not your type.

You only agreed to go out with him because you *need* this.

You need to get away from here, away from Derry, even if you're only going a few miles out of town. You need a little *normality*. Between the daily grind of work and the *complicated* situation with the clowns, it's something that has been sorely lacking in your life.

A chance to let your hair down.

To be *ordinary*, like your friends.

Getting ready to go out, on an *actual* date, for the first time in...oh, *forever*.

It feels so good. So *right*.

You glance at the clock on your bedside table. It's almost eight thirty. You pick up your purse, allowing yourself one last lingering glance in the mirror, and then you ruffle Frank's fur and head downstairs, shrugging into your coat as you leave.

It's mild outside, the ground is damp from the recent rain, and there is a pleasant earthy smell in the air. You walk into town, feeling strangely peaceful. Mark had offered to pick you up from your house, but you had refused, making plans to meet him outside the Paramount instead.

"Are you sure? We're not seeing a movie, are we? I thought you wanted to take a drive."

"I do. I just..." You had shrugged nonchalantly, "I'd rather not go into it. Okay?"

Mark had laughed, "This is when you tell me that you're married, isn't it?"

"Very funny."

"You sure?" He had poked your arm playfully, coaxing a tentative smile from you, "No husband? No crazy ex-boyfriend to show up and kick my ass? What about your daddy? He's not gonna do the whole 'rules for dating my little princess' thing, is he?"

Daddy...

You couldn't help but flinch at that, but you had recovered quickly, shaking your head.

As you approach the Paramount, you feel a sliver of unease pierce through the tranquil mist, filling the dark edges of your mind with fear and doubt. Mark is parked along the street, in his tan Oldsmobile, and he grins, waving at you.

You slip into the passenger seat, managing a tremulous smile, "Hey {y/n}, you ready to go?"

Mark quirks an eyebrow, fiddling with the radio, "What's the rush? You sure you don't wanna see a movie? There's a new horror, it's a Stephen King one."

"No, I'm good." You peer out of the window, at the dusky streets, half-expecting to see a clown lurking nearby, "I just want to get out of here for a while, y'know? Is that okay? It's been a hell of a week."

"Sure."

Mark starts the engine and you take a deep breath, without realising it. You're suddenly *terrified*, waiting for something to happen, for the shit to hit the fan. A vivid picture pushes into your mind; a gloved fist, punching through the windscreen. It's so stupid that you almost burst out laughing, but you're still holding your breath.

You don't breathe properly until Derry is far behind you, its lights twinkling like the dying embers of a fire in the distance. You relax into the seat, your ribs aching, and then you start *giggling* and Mark watches you from the corner of his eye, a half-smile turning up the corners of his mouth.

"Hey, what's so funny?"

"Oh nothing, really." You take out your compact, checking your lipstick again, just to keep your hands busy, "I guess I'm just a little nervous. This is my first date in a long time."

"You're joking?" He shakes his head in disbelief, "I bet you could have your pick of any guy in town, if you wanted."

Yeah, sure.

Only I don't want any of them.

And even if I did, Penny wouldn't like it.

He'd pick his teeth with their bones.

You repress a shiver. Steve glances at you, “Cold? Want me to crank the heating up?”

“No, I’m fine. Thanks.”

You drive in silence for a little while and then Mark spots a roadside bar up ahead, “You wanna grab a beer?”

You smile, “Yeah, I’d like that.”

It’s quiet and dingy inside. The jukebox is playing a Don Henley track and a group of young men are shooting pool, laughing and jostling each other good-naturedly. Mark orders two beers, some non-descript local brew. It’s a little awkward, at first, but the conversation picks up after a while, flowing easily with the beer.

“So, what made you want to get out of town tonight?”

You smile ruefully, “Like I said, it’s been a hell of a week.”

Mark laughs, “Well, I hope this makes up for it.”

“Yeah. Thanks for asking me out, anyway. It’s been a while.”

He rolls the glass tankard between his hands, watching the beer slosh against the sides, “No need to thank me, {y/n}. To be honest, it took a lot of nerve. I couldn’t believe my luck when you said yes. I mean, you don’t know me from Adam, do you? And you’re way out of my league.”

You laugh, pushing his shoulder, “Flattery will get you nowhere.”

He flushes slightly. After a few moments, he steers the conversation away and starts talking about Derry. He loves the place, loves the

small-town feel of it, and you shift uncomfortably in your seat as you listen, wanting nothing more than to shake some sense into him.

Ugh.

He's not from here.

He doesn't understand how rotten the place is, how ugly and dead it is, at the core.

He'll never understand.

You hail the bartender, ordering two more drinks.

“When are you leaving?”

Mark smiles wryly, “Eager to get rid of me, hmm?” You open your mouth and close it again, struggling to form the right words. He snorts, “I’m just fooling. Don’t worry about it. I’m here for another week, helping my buddy move. Geez, I don’t know why he’s so eager to sell up. It’s so great out here. And the locals are...well, they’re really nice, y’know? Some of them are really pretty, too.”

Now it’s your turn to be embarrassed. You twist a napkin between your hands, under the table, “Well, you’re not so bad yourself, I guess. For a guy I picked up in a diner.”

Mark smirks, “You looked real cute in your uniform. I felt kinda bad though, hitting on you when you were working. I’ve never done anything like that before.”

You roll your eyes, “Oh sure, I bet you’ve got a girl in every port, sailor.”

You both laugh then, and Mark catches your hand under the table, twining his fingers with yours, “Can I see you again, {y/n}? Before I have to leave?”

You hesitate, wanting to pull your hand away.

You do like him, despite it all.

But you like him...as a friend.

You can flirt with him, grab a drink with him, but there's no spark there.

And even if there was...

Oh, let's not go there again, {y/n}.

You stand up, downing the dregs of your beer, “It’s getting late. I should be getting back.”

Mark nods resignedly, “Yeah, I know. Otherwise your husband will find out about us and I won’t make it out of Derry alive.”

“Something like that.” You snort, grabbing your coat, “I have to check on my cat. He frets after me.”

“Never heard that one before. You sure you don’t have to wash your hair, too?”

You head out to the car, both laughing again, and you’re pulling up at the Paramount again before you know it, with the heaviness of Derry settling down upon your shoulders, like a familiar blanket.

Mark smiles, “I had fun.”

“Yeah, me too.”

“So, I’ll see you around, yeah?”

You manage a tentative smile in return, “You know where I work.”

“Good-night, {y/n}.”

You take a slow walk home, in the moonlight, enjoying the solitude. It’s almost midnight, by your watch. The police curfew is back in place and the streets are relatively deserted. When you finally reach your house, you are slightly unnerved by the sight of Frank sitting by the front door, his tail twitching restlessly. He trots along to meet you, weaving between your feet as you head inside.

The cat seems agitated and you scoop him into your arms,

murmuring soothingly into his fur, “You missed me? Poor little guy...”

“Yeah, I’ve missed you too, babydoll.”

Pennywise is waiting for you.

Frank scrambles out of your grasp, darting upstairs. Penny smirks up at you from the corner armchair, his red lips quirking with cruel amusement. You press a hand against your chest dramatically, in a show of mock-terror, hoping to put the clown off the scent.

Because you *are* terrified.

Truly terrified of him, for the first time in months.

You know what he is, what he can do. He’s like a wild animal, in that regard. You know you can never tame him, or change his nature, no matter how domesticated he might seem, when he’s with you. He could snap in an instant and take you down, like he had on the night of the carnival. Every moment spent in his company could be your last.

You never let your guard down. You respect him, and you *fear* him, and that’s what will keep you alive, if you’re careful. If you start taking it for granted, taking *him* for granted, it’ll come back and bite you on the ass, one day.

“Been here long?”

You dump your purse and coat in a heap upon the couch, running your fingers through your hair. Your hands are shaking.

“Nope. Not long.” The clown chuckles, reaching up to grasp you by the wrists and pull you down to him, onto his lap. He kisses you, running his tongue across your lips, “You feelin’ restless, baby? It’s not like you to be out this late, on your own. Couldn’t sleep?”

You shrug, pressing your face against his shoulder. You can’t look at him because then he’ll *know*, he’ll see it in your eyes.

“Mmm.” Penny runs his gloved hands across your back, “Tell you the

truth, I was feelin' restless. Thought I'd take a little stroll into town and grab a snack. Maybe check up on my best girl." You hum appreciatively, curling against his chest. His hands move up, curling into your hair, and he pulls you closer, his breath warm upon your cheek, "And you know what I saw, when I was walkin' through town? Hmm?"

And that's when you realise that it's too late. You've let your guard down, you've messed up, and it's *too damn late* to do anything about it. You plant your hands upon his shoulders, trying to push yourself away, but his fingers twist deeper into your hair and he yanks your head back, making you hiss.

Pennywise's blue eyes turn *red*.

His voice drops to a guttural rasp, dripping with venom and violent promise.

"I saw my best girl, I saw *you*, getting into a car..."

"Nuh-no..." You shake your head desperately, "It's not what you think, *please Pen*, don't do this..."

Penny growls, pulling your hair tighter, until tears form in your eyes, "I saw *you*, {y/n}. I saw *him*. Who is he, baby? What did you let him do to you?" He shoves you away, letting you fall to the floor, and then he stands over you, his white face contorted into a furious sneer, "Did you let him fuck you? Hmm? Did you get into the back seat with him, like a cheap little hooker? Answer me, you fucking bitch."

You scramble to your feet, gabbling nonsensically, and then the clown wraps his hands around your throat, cutting you off.

"You fucking slut." He squeezes, choking you. His eyes flicker over your face, over your *body*, and he sneers cruelly, "Got yourself done up all nice and pretty, didn't ya? All tarted up, for lover-boy."

You paw at his arms helplessly, your lips moving in a silent plea. Black spots are forming in your vision, dancing and floating before your eyes.

Floating...

Floating away, with the balloons...

“Gonna have to punish you, babydoll.”

His hands come away from your throat and you gasp, your lungs burning.

“Gonna have to hurt you.”

You're falling.

Falling into shadows.

Strong arms catch you, raising you up, and the last thing you see is Frank looking at you, meowing pitifully in the doorway.

And then all is darkness.

2. Chapter 2

It's still dark when you come round, pressing a hand weakly against your brow.

Your head is pounding and your throat feels raw.

You push yourself up, squinting in the gloom. You're sitting on an old mattress. The thing is filthy, all stained and torn, and you grimace, moving groggily to your feet.

“Pen...Penny?”

And that's when the smell hits you.

Dank and foul.

Shit...

You're in the sewers.

You're in his lair.

And you remember what happened, back at the house, and you let out a wretched sob, your fingers flying up to your throat.

“Fuck...”

“All in good time, babydoll.”

You turn to see Pennywise behind you, perched upon the edge of the mattress, his blue eyes gleaming hungrily. You want to run, you want to *fight*, you want to crawl into his lap and beg forgiveness, but all you can do is weep into your hands, certain that the end has come.

He stands, moving to put his arms around you, and you collapse against him, soaking the front of his clown-suit with tears.

“I'm sorry...” You manage to gasp, between sobs, curling your hands into the silk material, “I'm so sorry, Pen. I didn't...I didn't *do* anything...I promise...”

“I know, baby.” Penny croons softly, stroking your hair, “You’re my best girl, aren’t you? My *good* girl.” You nod desperately, turning your tear-stricken face up to him. He smiles, patting your damp cheek, “But you fucked up, princess. You forgot who you *belong* to, didn’t you? And now I need to *remind* you, because I’m your Daddy, and I’m running this show. Not you.”

You nod again, snuffling pathetically, “I’m sorry...”

He chuckles, “Yeah, I know, {y/n}. But you’re not sorry enough. Not yet.”

Another voice pipes up from the shadows, a gleeful voice, quivering with excitement.

“You *will* be, though.”

You peer over Penny’s shoulders, your eyes moving fitfully through the darkness, and then you see the *other* clown, the other *Pennywise*, smirking down at you from atop a pile of hoarded trinkets. A pile of junk.

Clothes and toys, taken from the children of Derry.

From their victims.

The tall clown unfurls his long limbs, crawling down from the summit, like some awful nightmarish thing. Giggling, he glides across the mattress and tweaks your nose between his gloved fingers, chanting in a sing-song tone, “Oh, you *will* be, sweet thing. You’ll be sorry, so *very* sorry, won’t you?”

You cringe against Penny, waiting for him to take charge.

Waiting for him to grumble some obscenity and pull you closer, until you’re tucked away from the other clown’s roving gaze, safe and sound in his arms.

But he doesn’t.

Penny moves away, lighting a cigar, and the tall clown grasps your waist, lifting you into the air, until your face is pressed up against

his, too close for comfort. He's still singing, his voice rising to a hysterical crescendo as he whirls you around and around, in a mock-waltz, "You'll be *sooorry*, oh yes you *will...*"

Finally, he comes to an abrupt halt, his claws biting into your hips, and he turns his face to the domed ceiling, his lips stretching into an indecent grin, "You'll be sorry, just like *him!*"

You struggle in his clutches, following his gaze, up and up, so *high*, and then you *scream...*

"*Oh my god! Mark, oh my god...*"

Roaring with laughter, the second Pennywise drops you upon the mattress, in an unceremonious heap, and you crawl away, curling yourself around Penny's leg. You're shaking uncontrollably, a gibbering wreck at his feet, but Pen hardly spares you a glance. He's wreathed in cigar-smoke, gazing up at the ceiling, with a faint smile playing across his white face.

Gazing up at *Mark*, who is hanging there, suspended in thick strands of *something*, something thick and *horrible* and...

"Oh..."

You moan, turning your eyes away from sight, pressing your face into Penny's thigh.

"Is he...is he *dead?* Oh god, *please no...*"

"No. Not quite." Penny's voice is mild. Unconcerned, even. He blows smoke into the air, and his smile turns into a *smirk*, unpleasantly smug, "Not yet."

You pull yourself up, balling your fists into his suit, pleading with every inch you manage to climb, "Don't kill him, *please* don't kill him, I'll do *anything* you want, just let him go..."

Pen swats at your hands, his mouth twisting spitefully, "You must be head over heels for this guy, baby. You must *really* like him." He pulls away, leaving you in a crumpled mess on the floor, "I don't like him, though. And that's all that matters here, isn't it?"

You follow, on your hands and knees, too weak to stand, “I don’t like him either, Pen. *Daddy*. I don’t *want* him. I want *you*, I only want you. Forever and ever, remember?”

The second Pennywise chortles delightedly, “Awww, look at *you*, sweetie-pie! Crawling around on the floor like a puppy-dog!” He claps his hands, bouncing on his heels, “Like a dirty little bitch! Come here, girl! Come on, come over here, *atta girl...*” The clown grabs you by the collar of your sweater dress, shaking you back and forth, “Oho, you’ve been a *bad* doggy, haven’t you? A bad little bitch-pup!”

You raise your eyes to Penny, your lips trembling, but he just smirks, clearly amused by his namesake’s antics.

“What are we gonna *do-ooo* with you, then? You naughty bitch...” The tall clown glances at Penny, seeking guidance. Penny shrugs, slinking into a high-back chair, and lights another cigar. You whimper at him pathetically, hating yourself for it, and the *thing* holding your collar jigs on the spot, laughing triumphantly, “Oh, you’re *mine* now, {y/n}.”

He drags you onto the mattress, his claws rending your clothes to shreds until you’re naked before him, trembling on the spot. There’s no use trying to fight him, and you’ve realised that Penny isn’t going to intervene this time, so you bow your head and close your eyes, silently praying for a reprieve. The second Pennywise chortles, dragging a razor-sharp talon across your cheek, “I’m gonna make you *scream*, bitch. You’re gonna scream my name...and then you’ll scream for mercy. Look at me, my little human. My little *toy*. Look what I’ve got here, just for you.”

You raise your gaze from the mattress, your eyes widening as you see his body shaking, *rippling* beneath filthy silk, and then something *erupts* from his torso, something thick and pulsating.

And another, and *another*, four of them.

Tentacles.

Pale tentacles, with purple and red veins throbbing beneath the thin skin. Each one moving independently, unfurling across the mattress

towards your terror-stricken form.

You press a hand to your mouth, stifling another scream, and the clown giggles at your horrified expression. As one writhing appendage reaches your knee, you *squeak* and shuffle backwards, having finally regained some vague semblance of sanity, but Pennywise grabs a handful of your hair and holds you in place, with a disapproving click of his tongue.

“Still misbehaving, {y/n}? Oh, dearie *me*. This simply won’t do, pet.” The tentacles curl around your limbs and snap taut, securing your wrists and your ankles, forcing you into a kneeling position. You struggle, trying to pull free, but to no avail. The clown croons tauntingly, ruffling your hair, “That’s better, isn’t it? Now, you just hold still and let Pennywise *use* you, like a good little bitch.” He winks at you, reaching down to free his monstrous cock. More tentacles are squirming across your body, sliding over your breasts and between your legs, the pulsing heat oozing into your crevices. The tip of one appendage slips between your folds, plundering your cunt, and you throw back your head, squeezing your eyes shut so you can’t see the gleam of triumph in his vicious eyes.

“Open your mouth, little human.” The clown drags the head of his cock across your slack lips, demanding entrance. You sink your teeth into your tongue, allowing yourself a moment of brief rebellion, even as your mouth fills with blood and tears seep from beneath your eyelids. Pennywise growls, digging his claws into your scalp, “Stop snivelling, whore, and open your mouth. Suck my cock.”

From his chair, Penny lets out an exaggerated yawn, miming boredom. He snorts derisively, “Is that all you’ve got, kiddo? The little slut is playing with you. She’s *laughing* at you.” He blows smoke rings, chuckling cruelly, “So, what are you gonna do about it?”

The tall clown scowls, baring his fangs, and then you’re *screaming*, howling at the ceiling in agony as another tentacle forces its way between your ass cheeks, twisting into your tight anus. The tentacle at the front, between your legs, immediately follows suit, thrusting up until you’re sure that it’s going to punch straight through your cervix.

Pennywise laughs, dragging his talons across your jostling tits, “Oho, you look so *cute*, little thing. So *fucking* cute, with your two holes *stuffed*.”

You’re full to bursting, stretched taut around the plundering *things*, and it is agony, it is *ecstasy*, and then your scream is silenced, as the tall clown curls a hand around the back of your skull and shoves your gaping mouth down onto his cock.

“Oopsie.” Pennywise giggles, his tone mockingly apologetic, “Make that *three*.”

Leaning forward, his eyes bright with renewed interest, your Penny applauds, the sound ringing hollow in your ears, “Oh, nicely done, kid.”

You gag around the clown’s meaty cock, your eyes streaming, your limbs twitching spasmodically as you fight for air. Suddenly, Pen pipes up again, realising that you’re struggling, “Breathe through your nose, babydoll.” His voice is low and almost gentle, urging you on, and the sound of it gives you strength. You snuffle desperately, filling your lungs, and the tall clown slaps his hands on either side of your face, dragging your head back and forth, fucking deeper into your throat.

And all the while, his tentacles are thrusting into your body, into your ass and cunt, and his tongue is lathering your face and tits with saliva, tasting your sweat and tears and blood.

You can’t imagine what you must look like, kneeling upon the floor with your thighs spread wide and your ass in the air.

With each orifice stretched wide, being violently fucked into, and your face covered in a sheen of sweat, tears, and smudged make-up.

You know that you should hate this, that you should be fighting with your last ounce of strength, in the name of all that is good and decent, but the insistent throbbing of your clit gives the lie to your veneer of moral outrage.

And the clown knows, oh he knows...

“Mmm, that’s a good little fuck-toy. You *like* this, don’t you?” Pennywise grunts, sinking his claws into your face, “Yesss, you like this, I *know* you do. Go on, milk me, milk me dry, and I might let you cum.”

You bob your head in time with his thrusts, taking him deeper, straining against the tentacles still wrapped around your limbs. The clown leans forward, grazing his fangs across your shoulder, and then he jolts against you, cursing in an alien language as he fills your throat. Hot jets of cum spew into your mouth, in a seemingly endless stream, and you swallow it down, almost choking at the viscous texture. The tentacles twist inside of you, roiling against the walls of your body, and your muscles clench around the damn things, your hips jerking wildly as you finally teeter over the brink and into sweet oblivion. Pennywise bites down, his fangs puncturing your skin, his tongue lapping at the blood welling up from the wounds. He moans, his eyes rolling back, “Gonna eat you up, little girl. You taste so good...”

Pen rises from the chair, moving to place a hand upon the other clown’s shoulder, “Alright, you’ve had your fun, kid. Let her go.”

The tall clown snarls, like a wolf poised over a fresh kill, and you flutter in his grasp, helpless and dazed, your body still twitching around his tentacles.

“Let her go, big boy. You know the rules.”

And he does, with a reluctant growl. The tentacles uncoil from around your wrists and ankles, melting away into his torso. After a moment, the other tentacles slide out of you all at once, with a wet *slurp*, and you collapse onto the mattress, shuddering out the last gasps of your orgasm.

You lie there for an age, until your breathing has slowed and your muscles have stopped quivering, and then you drag yourself up, moving gingerly across the chamber. You stand below Mark’s suspended body, your eyes filling with tears. His handsome face is slack and pale, his bluff features are drawn; he looks like a corpse but he’s not dead, not yet.

“Don’t know about you, but I’m always hungry after a fuck.” The tall clown titters, prowling behind you, “Oh yes, I’m *ravenous*, aren’t you? This one’s a little old for my tastes, but I’ll make do...” He crooks a finger and the sticky strands unfurl, releasing their captive, and Mark’s limp form slowly floats to the ground. Without thinking, you immediately throw yourself over him, covering his body with your own. Pennywise huffs, folding his arms, “Still haven’t learned your lesson? Well, I’m spent and I’m fucking *starving*, so your Daddy will have to dole out the next punishment. Give you a good, hard spanking.”

Penny saunters over, sprinkling cigar-ash with every step, “Get over here, baby. Don’t make a scene.”

You shake your head, clutching Mark against your chest, “I won’t let you kill him. Please, don’t do this, Pen.”

Penny rolls his eyes, “What’s the big deal? You don’t know him, you don’t *love* him, so why bother trying to save his worthless ass? Let the brat have his snack.”

You grimace, “I can’t just stand aside and let an innocent person die. He’s not from Derry, he’s leaving town next week and I’ll never see him again. Hell, he wouldn’t even be here tonight, he wouldn’t be in *danger*, if it wasn’t for me. It’s *my* fault.” You’re on the verge of tears again. Your voice is ragged and hoarse, “It’s all my fault. And if you kill him...oh god, I’ll go *mad*, if you kill him. I’ll lose my mind, whatever’s left of it.”

You’re already so close to insanity, so close to the edge.

The missing children of Derry are heavy in your arms. Their blood is on your hands, always and forever, because you know the truth and you haven’t done a damn thing to stop the killings.

Your silence makes you complicit in their deaths.

No one would believe you, no one in this rotten town would lift a finger to help you, but still...

You could have tried.

And this...

This is your fault.

You should have known this would happen.

You should have warned Mark, you should have rejected him.

You should have begged him to leave Derry, to save himself.

But you didn't, and now he's here, in the lair of IT.

And there's still a chance to save him...

You raise your eyes, tears streaming down your face, “Please. Please, Pen. For my sake.”

“Be careful. You’re on thin ice, babydoll.” He grinds his teeth, his eyes flashing red, just for a moment, before he softens, resting his large hands upon your trembling shoulders, “Okay, {y/n}. Alright. This one can live, for now.”

The other clown is furious, his white face livid in the gloom of the chamber, “Oh, you have got to be fucking joking? Seriously? We’re just gonna let him go?”

You can’t believe it. You manage a tentative smile, reaching up to touch Penny’s face, “You’d do that, for me? You’ll let Mark live?”

Pen rolls his eyes, “Don’t get used to it, baby. Your skin is worth more to me than his, that’s all. Do you know how tough it is, finding a good lay in this shit-hole of a town? You’re *mine*, doll, and I’m not about to give you up just so *Junior* over here can stuff his face again.” The clown smirks, nudging Mark’s body with the toe of his shoe, “He’s too old, anyway. Not gonna waste my time on *that*.”

The other clown interrupts, in a stroppy tone, “Never turn your nose up at free food, old man. There’s still a curfew in place, remember? Light pickings out there.”

Penny curls his lip, “You ever tried to eat a grown man before? They’re stringy and bland. Yeah, it’ll fill you up, but you’ll be hungry

again in a few hours. It's like junk-food."

"Well, that's your opinion." Pennywise pouts, his eyes moving greedily over Mark's body, "I'll take cheap and convenient over an empty stomach anytime." He sniffs, kicking moodily at the ground, "Whatever. I'm going hunting. I'll see if I can grab something down at the park."

"Do me a favour, kid." Penny nods at the body, lying on the floor between them, "Take this lucky chump out with you, yeah? Dump him somewhere he'll be easily found."

The younger clown glowers, his amber eyes narrowing, but he eventually sighs in defeat and hoists Mark over his shoulder. He pauses, shifting beneath his grotesque burden, and plants a kiss upon the crown of your head, smirking down at your astonished expression.

"Catch you later, angel-cake."

And then he disappears along the tunnel, whistling to himself as he goes.

You turn to Penny, smiling wanly, and then your legs give way beneath you, sending you sprawling to your knees. He gathers you into his arms, brushing his lips against your temple and crooning softly, "Oh, you're exhausted, babydoll. You want me to take you home?"

You manage a nod, tilting your head against his chin. Only now, when you're safe in Penny's arms, can you begin to fully process the *sweet hell* that you have gone through tonight. Your cunt is aching, your ass is on fire, and your entire body feels like one giant bruise. The bite-mark on your shoulder is still bleeding. You touch your fingers to it, wincing.

"Fucking *hurts*, Pen."

"I know, baby." He shushes you, pressing a gloved finger against your mouth, "Come on, let's get you home, and then Daddy will make it all better."

3. Chapter 3

You must have drifted off again, because you're home when you open your eyes, stretched out on your own bed, naked beneath the covers. The lights are dimmed and Frank is curled upon your chest, purring quietly. You sit up, running your fingers through your tousled hair, and immediately regret moving; your muscles are stiff and screaming, almost as though you've run a marathon without training for it.

"Ah... holy shit, that *stings*..."

The bedroom door creaks open and Penny peers in at you, his brow furrowed, "You awake, baby?"

"Hey. Yeah, I'm awake."

Frank hisses at him, sliding off the bed and out through the window, which is slightly ajar.

Gone to sulk on the roof, most likely. Poor little guy.

You smile ruefully and Penny moves to sit beside you, pushing his hands behind your head to flump at the pillows propping you up. You wriggle in protest, rolling your eyes, "Quit it, clown. I'm not an invalid."

Penny chuckles, "What, you're not gonna let me take care of you? You're a bad patient, {y/n}."

"I'm not sick. I'm just tired, that's all." You curl against him, stifling a yawn, "I suppose it's to be expected really, after tonight."

He brushes a strand of hair away from your eyes, favouring you with a fond smile, "You took it like a champ, baby. Thought we might have pushed you too far, but you're just full of surprises, aren't ya?"

You shrug, "It wasn't so bad. The worst part was you pushing me away, like you didn't give a shit about me anymore." Penny makes a sympathetic noise, pulling you closer into his arms. You manage a little smile, sinking into his embrace, but you can't help but wonder about the fate of your unfortunate beau. Against your better

judgement, you let the words come, keeping your eyes on the clown's face, watching for any sign of trouble, "And...and when I saw Mark, just *hanging* up there. I really thought that he was dead. That was... yeah, that was pretty rough."

Penny is quiet for a long moment, and then he rubs a gloved thumb across your mouth, his blue eyes flickering over you, "Didn't want to do that to you, baby, but you brought it on yourself. Startin' to think I've been too soft with you."

He hasn't, he's never been soft with anyone, least of all you. But you understand, somehow, despite the hopelessness of it all.

This town is his, and you are his, and he won't allow anyone to undermine his authority.

Especially now, when there's another clown on the scene. The young pretender has to know his place in this world, in Penny's world.

And you have to know your place, too.

"Aren't you worried that Mark will try to..." You search for the right words and draw a blank, frowning disconcertedly, "That he'll try to do something? He's not from here. I don't think that Derry has the same hold on him that it does on the rest of us."

Penny smirks, obviously amused by your naivety, "Do something? Do *what*, baby? What could he possibly do to me?" He shifts, rolling you beneath him, and scatters light kisses across your face, your throat, your shoulders, spreading your aching thighs with a gentle nudge of his knee, "Anyway, don't you trouble your pretty head about any of that, babydoll. Lover-boy will wake up in the morning with nothing more than a sore head and a bad case of the beer shakes. He won't remember a thing, I promise."

You aren't convinced, "But how? Did you wipe his memory? Can you even do that?"

Penny smiles patiently, "Gave him a little taste of my deadlights, that's all. Not enough to kill him, or fuck him up. He won't be himself, for a day or two, and he'll have no memory of yesterday, or

tonight, but he'll live. For *now*, anyway. I won't be so nice if he decides to put down roots, or if he comes sniffing around my property again."

You can't process any of it, but you don't want to push your luck by asking more questions; besides, you're not sure that you want to hear the answers. You're not sure if you can handle it.

Deadlights.

You have no idea what he means by that, but you know that they can kill, or cause serious harm.

He didn't kill Mark, though. He didn't hurt him. Not really.

Because he wanted to play with him.

Yes, that's why he didn't kill him outright. Not because he cares about your feelings, or your sanity. He wanted the prey alive and sentient, to punish you both. He would have given him to the other Pennywise, he would have let the other clown torture him in front of you.

You were always told not to play with your food, but good table manners don't apply to alien clown monsters.

You repress a shudder, burying your face into Penny's shoulder. He slips a hand between your legs, sliding his thumb across your clit, and you wince, compressing his wrist with your thighs.

He pulls away, raising an eyebrow, "Sore?"

You chew upon your lip, "Yeah. You don't have to stop, though."

"Don't be such a martyr, {y/n}. I've punished you enough for one night." Penny pushes the covers aside and gently scoops you into his arms, "You wanna take a bath? It might help." He does not wait for a response, carrying you into the small ensuite and depositing you safely upon the toilet-seat. You sit there quietly, trying to ignore the pain shooting through your lower body, and you watch as the clown draws you a bath. He takes his time perusing your supply of bubbles, before finally choosing one; the lavender and jasmine blend, which happens to be your favourite.

It's such a bizarre scene; one of those moments that make you want to pause your life and rewind it, just so you can hit the replay button and watch it over again.

Penny runs his hand through the water, testing the temperature, and then he smiles mischievously, dropping your little rubber duck into the bubbles.

"Alright, in you go, babydoll." He takes your arm, carefully easing you into the water, "How's that? Okay?"

You sink back, smiling as the water laps over your aching body, "Thank you."

"Want me to scrub your back?" He grins lasciviously, "Or anywhere else?"

"You don't have to..."

"I know." Penny is already peeling away his gloves. He soaps up his hands, getting a good lather going between them, and then he rubs them over your breasts, his fingers moving across your wet skin in slow circles. You sigh appreciatively, arching up into his soothing touch, and he smirks wickedly, dragging his tongue across his red lips, "Mmm. I love spoiling you, baby."

"You sure you don't want to join me, Daddy?" You pout coyly, tilting your hips to allow him a glimpse of your cunt, "Plenty of room for two."

The clown hums, tweaking at your nipples, "Not just yet, doll. Might take a shower with you in the morning, when you're all nice and relaxed."

You frown slightly, sinking deeper into the water, "I won't need a shower tomorrow, though. I'll be clean enough, after this."

Penny chuckles, sliding his hand between your thighs again, "Don't be so sure, babydoll."